

## A HOPELESS CASE

DE CROP: Gwendolyn is an intensely feminine girl.

MISS RYDER: More so than the rest of us?

DE CROP: Well, she asked a blacksmith the other day if her horse couldn't wear shoes a size smaller.

PAINTED BY JACK HELD

# \$1.00 Pays Your Laugh-Insurance Until January 1st



**Puck**

**W**E make this special rate to introduce the new PUCK—the most unique periodical in America.

Perhaps you remember PUCK twenty or thirty years back, when 100,000 readers bought it every week, and its famous cartoons moulded political destinies. No well-informed man in those days would admit that he hadn't read the week's PUCK. Then came a period during which PUCK became less and less known, and was saved from extinction only when the present owners took it over, eight months ago.

With its forty years of prestige, with the vim and vigor of youth back of it, PUCK is now "coming back," and in the process of duplicating its former success it is making history faster than any other publishing venture of the day. You'll find a keen fascination in watching its marvelous progress.

## Get This Week's Issue

PUCK regularly contains the foremost names in contemporary art and literature. Some of its painters have made the famous English and Continental periodicals masterpieces of brilliancy and color. Its writers include the greatest American masters of wit and satire. A fortune is being spent in making PUCK the leading exponent of color-printing in America, and the cleverest weekly devoted to humor, art, letters and the drama of the day. PUCK is no longer a joke-sheet; its running comment on current affairs constitutes a brilliant contribution to weekly periodical literature.



Send in This Coupon With a Dollar Bill

It will put PUCK on probation for the next three months. In that time you will learn to look for the little elf with all the eagerness with which you receive the most entertaining friend you know—with a fund of good stories, a delightful quip on the newest play, a running fire of brilliancy that distinguishes it above all other weeklies of its kind.

**Puck**

Everybody loves Puck: try it—just for fun!

301 Lafayette Street  
New York

I enclose \$1.00,  
for which please send  
me PUCK until January 1st

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
State.....

## PUTTING PUCK IN ITS PLACE

The advertising gains made by PUCK in the past few months entitle it to comparison with the leading weekly periodicals of the day. This table will be of interest to readers and advertisers alike.

### PRINTERS' INK A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914

#### VOLUME OF ADVERTISING IN AUGUST WEEKLIES (Exclusive of publisher's own advertising.)

Agate  
Columns. Lines.

August 1-7		
Saturday Evening Post..	91	15,334
Collier's .....	40	7,569
Scientific American .....	30	6,006
Literary Digest .....	42	5,936
Town & Country .....	29	4,875
Life .....	31	4,433
Forest & Stream .....	28	3,900
Leslie's .....	18	3,632
Youth's Companion .....	14	3,338
Churchman .....	15	2,467
Outlook (pages) .....	10	2,408
Christian Herald .....	13	2,181
Harper's Weekly .....	12	2,046
Judge .....	13	1,893
Associated Sunday Mags. ..	9	1,787
Illustrated Sunday Mag. ..	9	1,720
All-Story .....	5	1,283

**Puck 2363**

August 8-14		
Saturday Evening Post..	136	22,904
Collier's .....	44	8,316
Literary Digest .....	49	9,974
Leslie's .....	29	6,860
Town & Country .....	28	4,825
Life .....	25	3,312
Christian Herald .....	19	3,192
Forest & Stream .....	20	3,070
Outlook (pages) .....	12	2,656
Illustrated Sunday Mag. ..	14	2,570
Scientific American .....	11	2,271
Judge .....	14	2,064
Churchman .....	11	1,785
Associated Sunday Mags. ..	8	1,616
All-Story .....	5	1,302
Youth's Companion .....	5	1,150
Harper's Weekly .....	6	1,059

**Puck 1408**

August 15-21		
Saturday Evening Post..	80	14,613
Collier's .....	43	8,127
Literary Digest .....	44	6,205
Town & Country .....	34	4,180
Life .....	27	3,892
Leslie's .....	17	3,582
Forest & Stream .....	19	2,832
Christian Herald .....	14	2,352
Churchman .....	19	2,310
Illustrated Sunday Mag. ..	10	1,875
Outlook (pages) .....	7	1,764
Judge .....	12	1,691
Youth's Companion .....	7	1,423
Scientific American .....	7	1,411
Associated Sunday Mags. ..	7	1,393
All-Story .....	5	1,134
Harper's Weekly .....	3	810

**Puck 2419**

August 22-28		
Saturday Evening Post..	92	15,612
Outlook (pages) .....	44	10,024
Collier's .....	39	7,371
Literary Digest .....	45	6,333
Town & Country .....	27	4,600
Leslie's .....	21	4,393
Christian Herald .....	25	4,200
Life .....	25	3,516
Forest & Stream .....	20	3,594
Youth's Companion .....	14	2,562
Judge .....	12	1,785
Associated Sunday Mags. ..	9	1,762
Illustrated Sunday Mag. ..	9	1,700
Churchman .....	10	1,628
Harper's Weekly .....	5	910
All-Story .....	3	804
Scientific American .....	3	703

**Puck 1924**

August 29-31		
Literary Digest .....	129	16,109
Saturday Evening Post..	79	13,363
Collier's .....	87	7,149
Town & Country .....	32	5,927
Forest & Stream .....	21	3,126
Associated Sunday Mags. ..	13	2,364
Churchman .....	18	2,117
Outlook (pages) .....	8	1,876
Illustrated Sunday Mag. ..	8	1,580
Judge .....	9	1,333
Scientific American .....	5	1,102
Harper's Weekly .....	5	987
All-Story .....	3	628

**Puck 3149**

Totals for August		
Saturday Evening Post.....	81,816	
Literary Digest .....	43,667	
Collier's .....	38,516	
Town & Country .....	34,477	
Outlook .....	18,958	
Leslie's .....	17,457	
Forest & Stream .....	16,816	
Life .....	16,153	
Christian Herald .....	11,928	
Scientific American .....	11,494	
Churchman .....	10,337	
Illustrated Sunday Mag.....	9,385	
Associated Sunday Mags.....	8,522	
Judge .....	8,766	
Youth's Companion .....	6,373	
Harper's Weekly .....	6,803	
All-Story .....	5,156	

**Puck 11,263**

# Harper's Weekly

is covering the  
European war

## FROM THE INSIDE

Norman Hapgood was in Europe when war was declared. As a result, Harper's Weekly is represented by an able staff of war correspondents located at the strategic points.

The news is cabled to us and is handled with almost newspaper speed—but with this great difference: Harper's Weekly presents facts, underlying causes, news features, with an authority, interest and breadth of vision that no amount of newspaper reading can give you.

## War Pictures Are a Feature

You want Harper's Weekly during the months to come—each issue a thrilling chronicle of the greatest war in history. And save your copies; they'll be as valuable some day as Civil War Harper's are now.

Cut off the coupon, and mail it to us with a \$2.00 bill at our risk for six months of Harper's Weekly—26 great war time issues. And act now.

We are mighty busy right now entering subscriptions, and you don't want to miss an issue.

**Harper's Weekly**  
251 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

**\$2.60 worth of Harper's Weekly for \$2**  
**HARPER'S WEEKLY**  
251 Fourth Ave., New York

For this coupon and the enclosed \$2.00 please enter my subscription to Harper's Weekly for six months, beginning with the first possible issue.

Name.....  
Address.....





"What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor, and actor too perhaps." — PUCK

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*Editor,* H. Y. MAYER  
*General Manager,* FOSTER GILROY  
*Literary Editor,* A. H. FOLWELL

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#### IN PICTURE

COVER DESIGN - - - - - JACK HELD  
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ARMY WORM RECRUITING OFFICE - - - - - WILL CRAWFORD  
SEAT OF WAR IN AMERICA - - - - - R. C. EWER  
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW - - - - - M. DE ZAYAS  
FAR BE IT FROM SEW - - - - - GORDON GRANT  
SOCIETY'S VIEWPOINT - - - - - W. E. HILL

Other drawings by Nelson Greene, H. M. Wilder,  
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**Terms** Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months; Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned.

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### Send Puck to College

WINTER nights are long for the young folks off for their first year at college. There are mighty few more acceptable weekly reminders that *someone* is thinking of them than the regular arrival of PUCK. If your son, or your daughter, has left for school, send a copy of PUCK to them every week. Better still, drop us a post-card with your name and address, asking for our special "College Offer," and we will tell you how you can send PUCK every week for the school term and at the same time secure two beautiful pictures that make handsome dormitory decorations. Our supply of these fine prints is limited; first come, first served.



### Have You Contributed Your Mite?

PUCK abhors war, and believes that the spread of enlightenment will ultimately crush the spirit of militarism, but in the present crisis it feels that a duty devolves upon all humanity to do its utmost to alleviate the untold suffering throughout stricken Europe. Many charitably inclined readers have asked us to print an appeal for funds in behalf of the Red Cross Society. PUCK does this gladly, because we realize the sore need of comforts which can be supplied only through this wonderful organization. The chances are that there is a local Red Cross organization in your city, and inquiry will quickly locate the proper official to whom contributions of money or supplies may be made. However, if you are unable to get into communication with your local branch, contributions may be made directly to the American National Red Cross, War Department, Washington, D. C. No more worthy channel is open today for the accomplishment of real mercy than the magnificent activities of the Red Cross.



### "The Curtain's Up!"

THE tang of autumn is in the air. Broadway is shaking off its summer slumber. New electric signs are flashing out the season's opening shows. Back-stage, everything is a-fluster. No wonder next week's PUCK celebrates the waking up of the Great White Way! Did you ever blur your vision and gaze north from Times Square of a fall night? Myriad fireflies dancing out their invitation to come in and join the fun—a blinking electric chaos of color, punctured lower down by the two-eyed stare of motor lamps, with

here and there the red glare of the retreating rear warning—a clanging, tumbling, happy-go-lucky mass of all that goes into the *potpourri* of a great big town—well, that's next week's cover, painted by Van Ornum, a man new to PUCK but masterly in his command of color. The good things inside are too numerous to list here. PUCK has bearded the first-nighter at his "bite after the show," walked arm-in-arm with Tessie Footlights straight into the manager's lair, gathered James Hunecker, George Jean Nathan, Edgar Saltus, and Keble Howard into a single number to entertain you; and—well, what more could PUCK do?



### Editorial Encomium

OUR very good friend and contemporary, the *Advocate*, of Newark, Ohio, does PUCK the honor of reprinting in its entirety our recent editorial "The President: An Appreciation." In introducing it, as a leading editorial, the *Advocate* says:

"The chief function of PUCK in its rejuvenated and improved form, is to spread genuine humor and good cheer, but PUCK has a serious side as well as its pages of fun and good pictures. The first editorial in this week's issue of PUCK deals with the President, and it is so admirable that the *Advocate* wants every reader to share in it."

For many years PUCK has exerted a potent influence in the political counsels of the nation, and, in all its frivolity, it has never lost sight of this more serious phase of its duty. From many quarters have come messages of commendation for the soundness and sanity of its recent editorial utterances on the political tendencies of the times.

### "Coming Back" After 35 Years

"Dear PUCK:

"As a thirty-five year reader, permit me to congratulate you upon the great improvement in PUCK. For several years, I noticed a general fading away of this once brilliant and interesting periodical, and I am glad to see it revived. I have read PUCK since I was a boy and for thirty-five years I have saved the numbers, binding them semi-annually in half-Russian leather. 'A good thing twice told is never old.' MARTIN WALTER."

## A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE



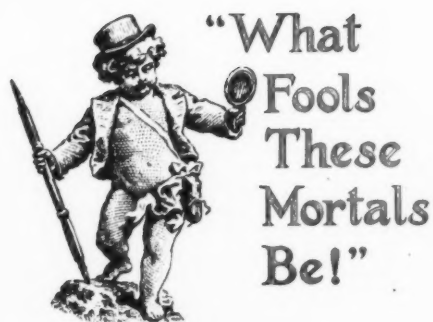
DISASTER



GLORY

By HY MAYER





VOL. LXXVI. No. 1961. WEEK ENDING OCT. 3, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America — and the newest

## THE GOD THAT KINGS MAKE

Some pessimistic persons are wondering why it is that despite the spread of religious teachings and the professed belief of civilized nations in a gospel of love, a gospel which includes the Golden Rule, the most devastating war in history is possible. It would be presumptuous on the part of a humorous paper to try to guess a riddle of so serious import, but if fools may rush in where angels fear to tread, a jester may at least have opinions on a subject which wise men ponder.

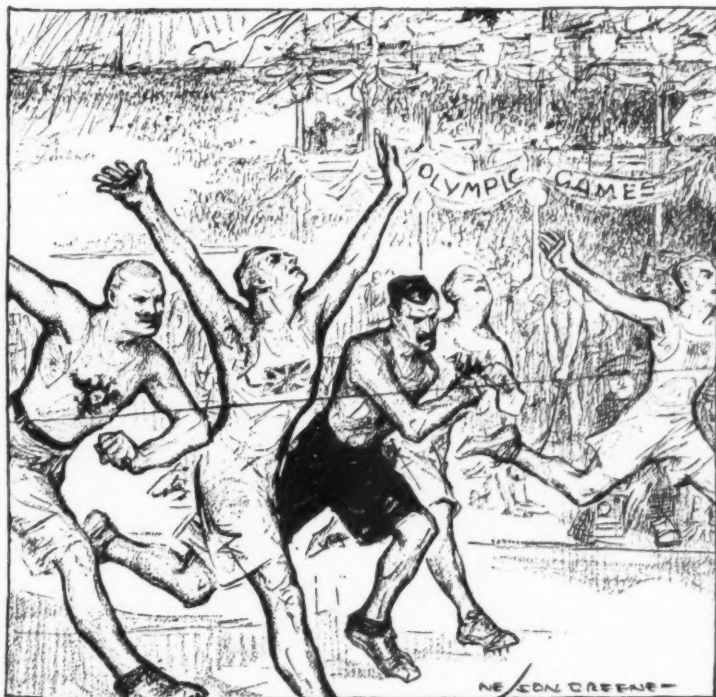
The other day a soldier, a prince by accident of birth, was struck by some hostile lead. If press reports be accurate (and sometimes they are), he wired his militant parent: "God has allowed me to be wounded. Bless him." Herein lies, we submit, some hint, some inkling, of an answer to the previous question—the riddle of barbarous warfare among Christian nations. We catch a glimpse of a personally-conducted Deity, a partisan god who plays favorites. "God has allowed me to be wounded." We think automatically of a gun raised, or lowered, by unseen hands so that the vitals of a certain prince will just escape destruction. It is a comfortable feeling, leading toward an admirable state of complacency—the feeling that when one is shot at there is an all-powerful Force at work which

shall deflect the bullet from its course, while when one shoots, the same all-powerful Force is just as vigilant in speeding the bullet straight at one's enemy. No arrangement could be more satisfactory. To explain why "God allows" a king's son to be spared, and at the same time cheerfully permits the slaughter of a peasant, is a task for which the caste system ably fits one. The king's son is on terms of intimacy with the Deity, who appreciates his importance, while the peasant, unfortunately for him, is not.

It is quite obvious that as all of the nations now warring are counting on the co-operation of the same heavenly power, some of them are bound to have a grievance when ultimate peace is declared. This, however, need shake no humble believer's faith in divine wisdom. Tremblingly we suggest—it is so frightfully presumptuous in a humorous paper—that nations which make war with machine guns and other "clean-cutting" weapons, approved by the Peace Congress, have a somewhat cloudy title to the support of a God of love and mercy. The reason why a hellish war is possible among "Christian nations of the present day" is because Christian principles do not permit a little matter like Christian nations to interfere with the aims and ambitions of their rulers. Nations are no different in this respect from what they were a thousand years ago, when a knight piously cried "God's rood" or "God help us" before bringing his mace with a splintering crash down on the head-piece of an opponent. The modern firing line does not cry "God's rood" with a pious fervor, but this is in part redeemed by the fact that a machine gun will kill many more—"God allows" it to kill many more—than a mace.

Good people may well ask themselves whether "Christian civilization" is not almost as much of an exploded myth as "civilized warfare." If this war shall do nothing else, it may at least clear the air of the hypocrisy which has surrounded both, and prepare the way for honest ideals. There is room in this world for a religion which kings cannot spoil; it is time to put away the divine-right puppets who create a God in their own vain image.

One need look no further than the Maine elections to realize how President Wilson stands with his countrymen. If Maine be a barometer of the political weather, the sun of public approval is to shine with invigorating warmth upon the Wilson administration of the nation's affairs. That it could shine otherwise, in view of the vindication of the President's peace policies, is hardly to be supposed; the dramatic contrast between Europe's state of affairs and our own is still too vivid in the minds of all Americans to be minimized. The skilful handling of the Mexican situation, the negotiation through Secretary Bryan of various arbitration treaties, and the scrupulously neutral attitude of the administration toward the warring powers all tend to strengthen the prestige of the United States by proving the sincerity of the Wilson type of government. To steer a safe course amid such a world-tempest is not easy, but the advantages of peace, commercial and otherwise, to the United States are daily becoming more apparent. What might have been the complications had the President heeded super-heated heads and forced a war with Mexico is a sober and a sobering thought.

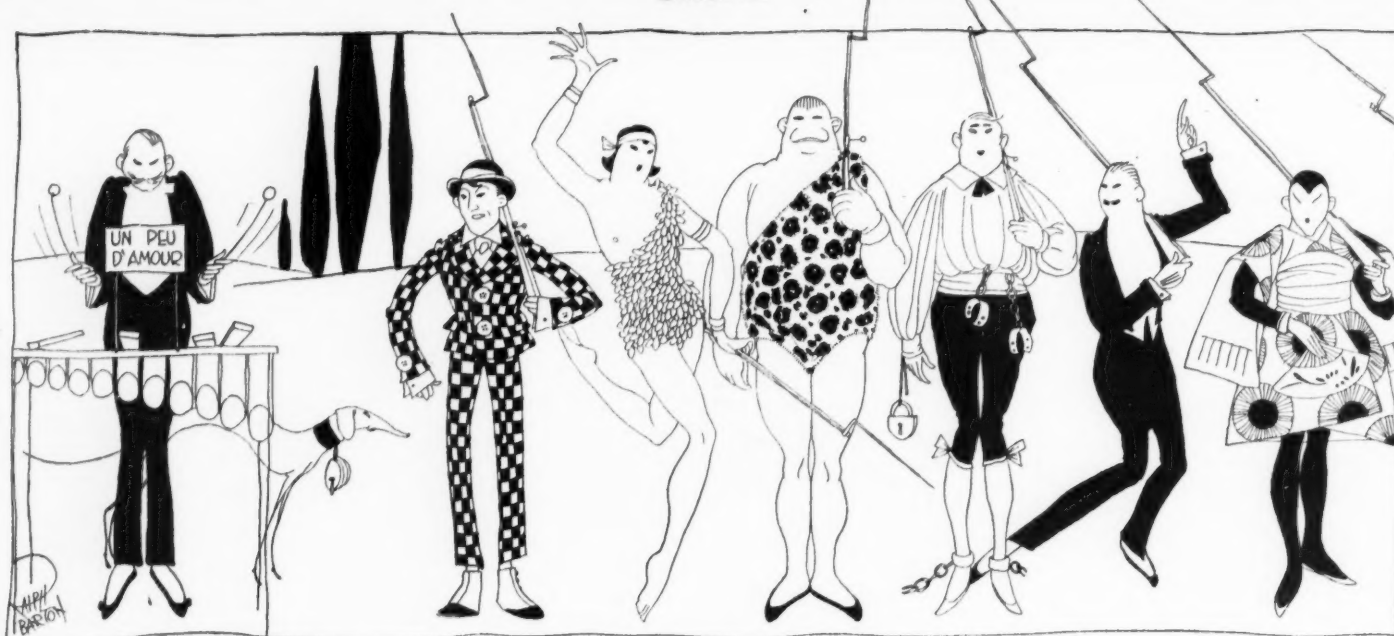


As Conducted by the People



As Conducted by Royalty

## INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS



# The Puppet Shop

By George Jean Nathan

## ON THE WAR AND THE THEATRE

Though the great bulk of illustrious opinion on the matter is against me, I believe—indeed, I know—that the European war must have an immediately salutary and profoundly beneficial effect on our American theatre. The war will keep from our theatre, at least for the time being, further importations of the following:

1. London music-hall "favorites."
  2. Trained German dogs.
  3. Russian dancers.
  4. Successors to "The Merry Widow."
  5. Henri Bernstein's plays.
  6. German "strong men."
  7. Max Reinhardt's scenic ideas.
  8. Edmund Eysler's march tunes.
  9. Handcuff kings.
  10. H. V. Esmond's company as it played successfully for six successive months at the Criterion Theatre, London.
  11. Acrobatic troupes (chiefly German) in which the men's wives and children appear.
  12. New Drury Lane melodramas.
  13. The latest Parisian dance.
  14. Further compositions by M. Un-Peu-D'Amour Fysher.
  15. Hungarian Xylophone soloists.
- and maybe
16. Japanese jugglers!

## ON THE DUTY OF A CRITIC

Every once in so often some of our managers, playwrights, and actors detonate with objection to what they designate as the "clever" school of dramatic criticism—"clever," in their vocabulary, standing for a description of such dramatic criticism as endeavors to be readable and amusing. It is the contention of these persons that dramatic criticism should concern itself impersonally with the subject up for criticism, and should not attempt to be of itself entertaining and smile-provoking. Well, well, what do they want, these odd persons? I'll tell you. They want a school of dramatic criticism which, by its own dullness, will, in comparison, celebrate their

mediocrity. As a matter of fact, dramatic criticism, certainly here in New York, must be divertingly humorous, merry, and witty. Somebody's got to supply the amusement for the theatre-going public!

The motion before the house—the moving pictures.

## WAXING CYNICAL

Max Beerbohm, in his paper on "Madame Tussaud's Wax Works," actually suggests that the wax figures are not such good actors as the living actors one beholds on the theatrical stages. But, of course, we must bear in mind that Max is a brother to Actor Beerbohm Tree, and probably therefore fraternally prejudiced. In London a few months ago, in a moment of boredom, I myself, following Max's earlier footsteps, "did stray beyond the portal of the scarlet edifice in the Marylebone Road, and did wander among the wax works." But, unlike Max, I found that my visit was eminently "nice"—I complained not that "life is a sacred thing—why has it been profaned here for so many years? Whence came this hateful craft?" As the fruit of my analytical study at the Madame's, I have the



Madame Tussaud's Wax Works

appended arguments to offer Max in proof of my belief that the wax works are in many ways superior, as actors, to the (heavily) breathing actors of the drama works:

- A. Not *one* wax work which I beheld in an attitude of deep contemplation had his right palm pressed against his forehead.
  - B. Not *one* wax work which I beheld in the role of a politician sought to interpret that role with a big cigar caught at an upward angle in the corner of his mouth.
  - C. Not *one* wax work did I hear mispronounce the word "monsieur."
  - D. Not *one* wax work seemed to be rushing through his performance so that he might get to his favorite cafe and tell his fellow actors how good he was.
  - E. Not *one* wax work seemed to be the worse for liquor.
  - F. Not *one* wax work did I see who seemed, above his work, concerned chiefly with his immediate virtuosity as a lady-killer.
  - G. Not *one* lady wax work had on white stockings with black slippers.
  - H. Not *one* wax work, during the entire entertainment, drew forth a gold cigarette case with conscious impressiveness.
  - I. Not *one* man wax work had a wax valet or butler named Pitts in dramatic attendance upon him, and not *one* woman wax work had a wax maid named Celeste to fetch her the box of letters from the left hand drawer of the *escritoire*.
  - J. Not *one* heroic wax work in a military uniform had his shoulders covered with dust and was panting for breath.
  - K. Not *one* villainous wax work in the Chamber of Horrors wore patent leather shoes.
  - L. Not *one* wax work hero in evening clothes wore his watch on a black ribbon stretched diagonally across his shirt front.
  - M. Not *one* wax work did I see sitting on the edge of a library table.
- and
- N. Not *one* wax work looked as if he thought he was doing me a great favor by letting me be there.



# THE ROMANCE OF THE HIGH SEAS BEING

a time-saving manual of just and only such conversation as is necessary on an ocean voyage; and designed for the use and guidance of embarrassed persons also vaudeville people and professional dancers who have never before taken the trip, so they may give the impression that they are veteran sea-goers.

"I don't mind the rolling just as long as she doesn't pitch."

"Shuffleboard looks innocent enough, but wait till you feel your arm to-morrow!"

"It's funny, isn't it, how the ships you pass always seem to be on the edge of the horizon?"

"Too bad it isn't moonlight on this trip."

"The sea is as smooth as a mill-pond.\* Never saw it so smooth, did you?"

"Isn't the coffee awful?"

"Did you ever see any of those 'mountain-high' waves you read so much about?"

"Go up and ask that one in the pink hat if she wants to join a bridge game. That's the safest way."

"This outside cabin thing isn't all it's cracked up to be. They always keep your port-holes closed anyway."

"Think I'll wait till I land to get a haircut."

"A lot of them don't show up till the third day!"

"I'll bet most of those wireless news bulletins are just 'made up' on board."

"It's almost impossible to dance; the deck slants so."

"Hope we get in during the daytime."

"Rotten orchestra, isn't it?"

"Wonder what to-day's run'll be?"

"Not a good-looking girl on board."

"Be sure to look me up in New York next winter."†

"These decks are certainly hard on shoes."

"Some people like these chairs, but my legs are too long for 'em."

"I haven't seen her before. She must have just got on."‡

"You can get anything at the barber's from a package of chewing-gum to a sofa-pillow."

"We closed up the ship last night."

"There is a cute youngster in the steerage."

"On the German boats it's eat, eat, eat, all day long."

"Are you going to dress for dinner to-night?"

"Oh, he's one of the smoking-room crowd."

\* Or "as glass."

† Customary not to supply address.

‡ Celebrated ocean joke.



"Then probably you know John Smith. Why, you must know him. He's —"

"Well, that's because we're crossing the Gulf Stream."

"Maybe so, but on the trip last year, a professional card-sharp —"

"The second-class passengers always seem to have a lot more fun than the first-class passengers."

"You don't really feel the good results till after you get on land."

"Well, I know, but it helps to break up the day, and anything that does that —"

"I'd like just for once to see one of those smoking-room fights over cheating at cards that you hear about."

"There's nothing for it like lemon juice."

" " " " " " " " black coffee."

" " " " " " " " pepsin gum."

" " " " " " " " smelling salts."

" " " " " " " " pineapple."

" " " " " " " " camphor."

" " " " " " " " opium plaster."

" " " " " " " " hot water bag."

" " " " " " " " ice bag."

" " " " " " " " champagne."

" " " " " " " " salt fish."

Et cetera ad nauseam.

## HOW NATIONS GROW

Once upon a time some people formed themselves into a nation.

Certain of the people were willing to work. The rest did not deem it necessary.

"For, look you!" protested these. "One of us will be king. Others will be his counselors, his guards, and his almoners. We will multiply the public offices, in short, until there is an office for each of us."

Thus did the political interest come into being. It was a great tax on the industry of the nation, but nobody stopped to consider how entirely useless it was. By the device of a war now and then, to stimulate the national consciousness, the political interest not only got itself tolerated but deemed indispensable.

## THE REASON

HIS FIANCEE: Papa will make his settlement the same day we are married, the Nineteenth.

THE COUNT: Come, dear, let us get married on the Seventeenth.

HIS FIANCEE: Is that the anniversary of some great historical event in your family?

THE COUNT: No; but I have a note due the Eighteenth.



On the High Seas

### The Consolation of Literature

In the abomination of desolation which depresses the civilized world, some of the wise seek as an escape the consolation of literature. Books, "wise books," as H. G. Wells wrote: "Bright windows in this life of ours, lit by the shining souls of men." It is rather difficult to realize that such "shining souls" exist nowadays; but they do, and, for the most part, are between covers. I was interested to read in the "Books and Reading" column of the *Evening Post* some paragraphs about a half-forgotten French poet, Arthur Rimbaud, for I had just finished a more or less elaborate study of Jules Laforgue, "the fantastical Jules Laforgue," as Philip Hale once called him. Laforgue, at one time French reader to the former Empress of Germany, nearly forty years ago, was much influenced by the extraordinary genius of Arthur Rimbaud, as was Paul Verlaine. Two such critics of the calibre of Remy de Gourmont and Arthur Symons agree that Rimbaud was something more than a forerunner to the author of "Sagesse"; that, in reality, he was a powerfully moulding influence in the art of Verlaine. Of their personal relations and the sordid quarrel at Brussels that led to the shooting of Rimbaud by Verlaine, and the subsequent imprisonment of the latter, there is nothing new to be said. Rimbaud was slightly wounded, and Verlaine cooled his heels and head in prison for many months, and, incidentally, wrote some marvelous verse in his penitential cell. Rimbaud, the most precocious and perverse genius in literature (Victor Hugo solemnly saluted him as "Shakespeare, enfant"), abandoned poetry before he was out of his teens, and for the remainder of his unnatural life sought self-expression as a trader in ivory and hides in Africa. I was rather surprised to read in the *Post* that his books are become scarce. I have the 1895 edition of the complete poems, with a preface by Paul Verlaine (whose wife when suing for a divorce mentioned the charming Arthur as the cause), and the 1892 edition of the "Illuminations" and "Une Saison en Enfer," a melange of prose and free verse. Leon Vanier, Paris, is the publisher, and the books are cheap paper covered editions. By the way, Rimbaud didn't die in Africa—one of George Moore's romantic notions—but at Marseilles, in the hospital of the Conception Convent, November 10th, 1891. He was born 1854. As the poet of "Bateau ivre" his fame in French literature is assured.



Flaubert

### The Devil at Noon

In New York the "Devil at Noon" is sometimes a cock-tail. For Paul Bourget he is a fiend that lurks on the trail of middle-aged folk, and woe betide them if they are idle or off their guard! This demon delights in setting aflame mature hearts. I don't suppose Bourget was thinking of the Caillaux murder case—now as forgotten in Paris as the St. Bartholomew massacre—but he certainly utilized in his last book, "Le Demon de Midi," at least one incident in that ill-smelling scandal—the publication of love-letters for the purpose of blackmailing. The novel sold like hot cakes till the war intervened. It was slow in reaching Brentanos, but I fancy it will sell very well here, for it is interesting, well-written (Ah! what lessons in clarity of style and chapter architecture these Frenchmen give the world in their fiction). But whether it would be prudent to translate the book I can't say. The unfrocked priest, who marries at leisure and repents in haste, is not an attractive figure to American readers. Of course, if the girl chewed gum, and the elopement took place in a high-g geared motor-car, perhaps then the story might be read; but it moves much slower, is quite long, and, until



Bourget

# THE SEVEN ARTS

by JAMES HVNEKER



By C. B. FALLS

the middle, little happens. Psychology is Bourget's forte, and he "psychologizes" here to his heart content. The familiar triangle is in evidence, and I hasten to record my opinion that the father and son, the two Savignans by name, the "heroes," are a pair of contemptible prigs. The woman in the case has at least the courage of her social "crime." She is game. Her distinguished and pious lover flops as soon as his letters to her are stolen, and he tells her to go away and repent. He doesn't repent himself, but he hates the unhappy woman. And the reader hates him as a cowardly cad. The consciousness of his "sin" is so acute after the catastrophe that you wonder why he didn't consider consequences before getting the woman in the scrape. His son is a bigoted lollipop, and the portrait of the "modernist" priest is evidently modelled after Pere Hyacinthe Loyson, with this difference: that the latter died happy in his marriage and quite impenitent. However, the novel is another feather in the cap of Paul Bourget. It is full of ecclesiastical erudition, though I prefer "La-Bas," by Huysmans, on whom Bourget leans rather heavily more than once.

### Books Worth While

Anyone who recalls the varied delights of Paris, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and London before the war—a marking date for twentieth century histor-

ians—will read with enjoyment "Europe after 8.15," by a gifted syndicate, operated by H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Willard Huntington Wright. However, I wish for the benefit of the general public they had put their initials to their respective articles. For those in the swim it will not be difficult to trace the pen that eloquently describes the beery delights of Munich, or the discreet pleasures of Vienna. I like all the chapters. Paris is admirable, and so London. Prepare to be shocked, a salutary shock, and prepare to be amused. Abandon all boredom ye who read this book! I have carefully studied the plays of George Middleton, and admire not only his technical dexterity, but also his sympathetic characterization. Technically speaking, he can give cards and spades to many successful playwrights. I can't say that I am always interested in his thesis; his men are too often victims of the strategy of "superior women," but, as Henry James suggests, it is always dangerous to question an author's choice of theme. I found myself admiring the psychological insight of "The Gargoyle," and the broader canvas of the three-act comedy, "Nowadays," an expansion of an earlier one-act play. I've not seen these plays of Mr. Middleton's in the theatre, and I'll not venture a prediction as to their acting quality—always a dangerous prediction—but I can answer for their readable quality. He has a light touch in comedy, and there is both comedy and tragedy in "Their Wife."



Rimbaud

False gods always did and always will abound. The number of pseudo-messiahs and impostors masquerading as prophets must be an enormous army. Mankind loves to be fooled, and every minute a credulous being is born (I'm inclined to believe that every second a "sucker" is born). Some iconoclast has recorded seventeen "crucified Saviors," and before the appearance of Christ there were wild fanatics who called themselves "Christs," and preached the gospel of anarchy. It is only necessary to recall the name of Krishna, so eloquently described in George Borrow's "Romany Rye," and it must not be forgotten that it was a critical period for young Christianity when the cult of Mithra threatened to engulf it. Simon Magus pretended to perform the miracles of the apostles, and, like the Phaeton legend, a story is related of this



Verlaine

(Continued on page 21)



## GODS

Men worship the god of "got-to-get,"  
And the name of the god is greed.  
Men worship the god of "got-to-go,"  
And the name of this god is speed.  
Men worship the god of "got-to-smoke,"  
And the name of that god is weed.  
Men worship the god of "got-to-eat,"  
And the name of the god is feed.  
Men worship the god of "got-to-know,"  
And the name of this god is read.  
Men worship the god of "got-to-be,"  
And the name of that god is creed.

## A CONTENTED WOMAN

The automobile was being mended, or efforts were being made to mend it, at the roadside, and the lady from New York was conversing with the lady of the little farm-house.

"This certainly is the loveliest spot! I should think you would be a very contented woman? The view, at the turn of the road —"

"View, at the turn of the road?" the lady of the farm-house was darning stockings. "It kin stay there, for all me. I don't see it once in three months."

"You don't care for scenery?"

"Dunno whether I care for it or not. Ain't got no time to look at it."

"Well, certainly, you have a very comfortable little home around you, here."

"Mebbe if you could see it in the winter-time, when the drifts is piled up 'most to the roof—it's that lonesome!"

"Why? Is your husband away in winter?"

"My husband's here, o' course. My girl, fifteen, 'n' my boy, eleven. Oh, there's enough of 'em! You'd think so, if you had to do for 'em."

"Have you lived here all your life?"

"I ain't lived here but five years. Never wanted to come here in the first place."

"You would rather live in the city?"

"Land! There ain't nothin' I'd hate more than the city!"

"Ah—a village, then!"

"I never see the village I'd care to live in! Don't amount to shucks, any of 'em!"

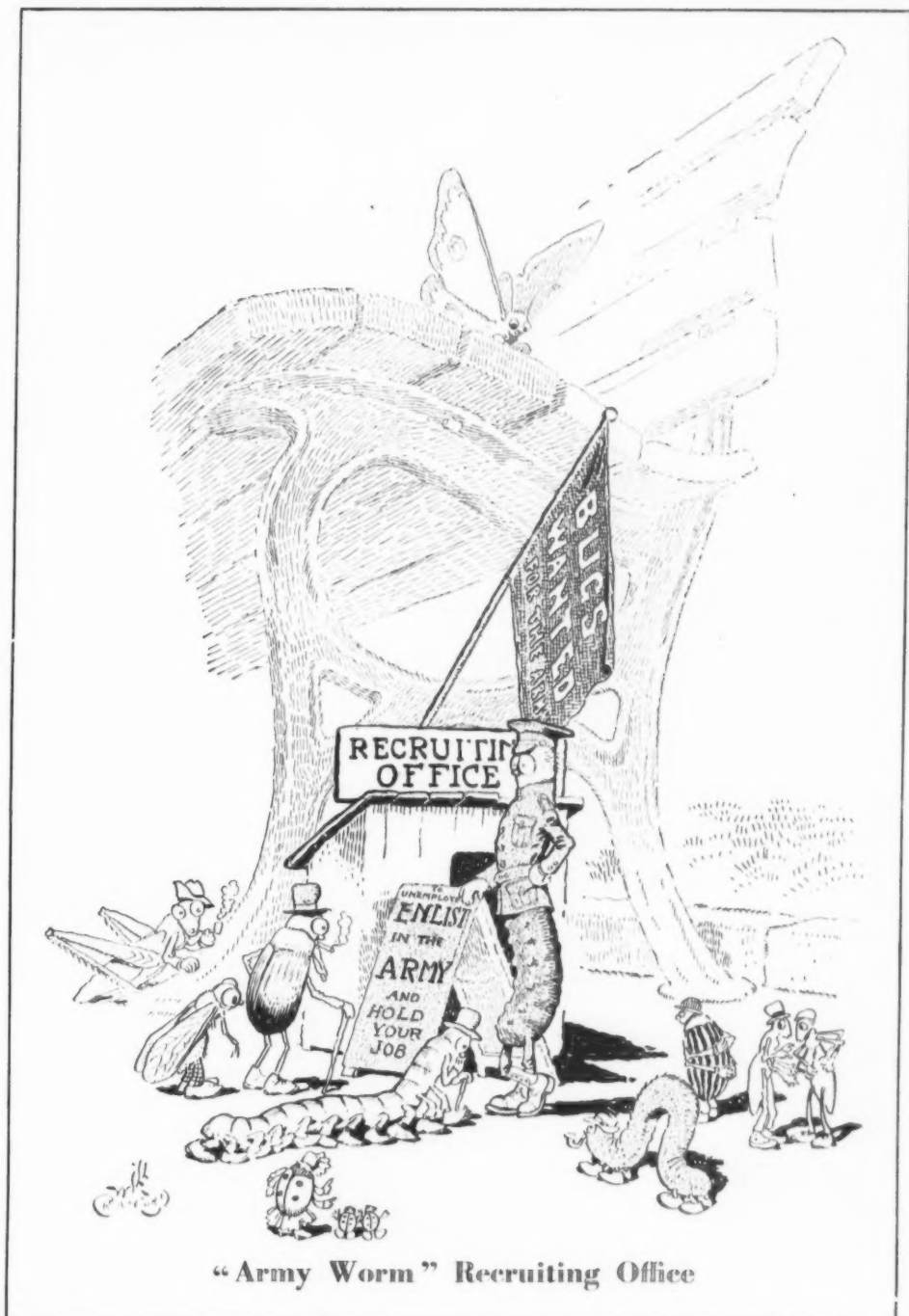
After a pause the lady from the city began again, bravely:

"You have a very splendid lot of chickens—and turkeys, too!"

"Yes. It ain't very splendid to feed 'em and look after 'em—then they're laying away or



CONFINED TO HIS BED



"Army Worm" Recruiting Office

gitting run over with things! I wouldn't keep no fowls if it was me to say!"

"But your apple orchard is a beauty! We noticed it as we came along."

"Nothin' in apples. Jes' lay and rot. Nobody wants 'em 'round here. We don't."

"Well, your pears and peaches—"

"What's them? Got to can 'em for dear life—work like a nigger. Ain't worth it, I say!"

Another pause.

"Were you born in America?" asked the lady from New York, out of the depths of an astonished curiosity.

"No, glad I wasn't. Born in Germany—ten years old when I came here."

"Oh, you can remember the life there?"

"All I want to remember."

"Then, perhaps, you long to go back?"

"Back? To Germany? I wouldn't be found dead in Germany. No Germany for me!"

"Where would you like to live—if you could choose the place?" asked the lady from New York, in a last desperate effort.

"I don't know as I'd like to live nowhere. But peoples got to live, so I s'pose I might as well live here!"

## A SINCERE ONE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR: Are you one of the mourners?

STRANGER: Yes! I'm a reporter, and got this instead of a baseball game!



## WOMAN'S WAY

"Hi, Jimmie, Mary says dat if nobody else proposes to her in de next tree days, she'll engage herself to me!"

# Puck's Golf Idiot By P.A. Vaile



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "How to Learn Golf," Etc.

DRAWN BY R. C. EWER

## THE WINNING SHOT

I have just read an article in *The American Magazine*. It is entitled "The Winning Shot." It is "By Jerome D. Travers, four times Amateur Golf Champion of the United States." This is a most informing and practical article. Most articles written by champions, near-champions, or ex-champions are dreadfully and monotonously disappointing. One finds in them much good advice and a considerable amount of practical golf, but almost invariably the writer springs on his innocent readers at least one of the fundamental untruths of the game so industriously peddled by golf journalists, and so spoils everything.

Mr. Travers has avoided this. His article is in many ways an important contribution to the literature of the game, and I intend to use his name and his four championships to impress it on my readers.

We may pass by Mr. Travers's peculiar interlocking-grip. It may be good for him. It may, indeed, be best for him. I do not know how many grips he has tried. Probably there are at least three other grips, which are more suited to most golfers, namely, the two-handed grip or the old double V as we were wont to call it, the Vardon overlap, and what I may call the reverse Vardon overlap, which puts the left on the right instead of the right on the left.

We need not, however, pause to discuss this, for Mr. Travers is not dogmatic about his particular peculiar grip.

Let us get at once right to the important point. He says "the winning shot" is the putt. This is a very important statement. Mr. Travers has not the patent for it. In "Modern Golf" I made it plain, in 1907, that I considered it the master stroke. Indeed, I went so far as to build up my book and the game from the putt, instead of trying to construct it backwards from the drive, as do so many.

Between ourselves I didn't make my game that way, but then I wasn't as wise as I am now. One pays for one's lack of intelligence in golf, so, be-

lieve me, it is a good game to "suck the brains" of those who have gone before you, especially if what they say sounds good and there are four national championships to back it.

Mr. Travers reckons that the putter has to play about forty-five per cent of the strokes in a round. Many people say that is too high an estimate. Mr. Travers denies that it is. My readers probably remember how I have put it. Seventy-two is good for any respectable eighteen hole course. Allow two putts per green, and that is fifty per cent of the game.

However, Mr. Travers goes further. Let me quote him: "I only wish some of those who underrate the tremendous value of the putter had been at Brookline last September when the open championship of America was at stake. If they had, they would have gone well beyond my computation and put the value of the putter at seventy-five per cent. Alec Smith, the well-known professional, kept track of the different scores turned in through this tournament, and he figures that of every one hundred shots played seventy-five were taken on the putting

green. It was no uncommon sight to see crack golfers reach greens over four hundred yards away in two perfectly played shots, and then scatter three or four putts all over the green before the bottom of the cup was reached."

I want my readers to be especially serious this week and to ponder well the words of wisdom of Jerome D. Travers, Esq., which I am doing my best to emphasize, for they really are of immense importance to at least ninety-eight per cent of golfers.

Mr. Travers specially mentions Mr. Evans's delinquencies on the green. I recently referred in these columns to Mr. Evans's confessions and indicated that since Mr. Evans's change of putters and style much less would probably be heard of his weakness in putting.

Mr. Ouimet's great work at Brookline last fall, when he won the open championship, in his historic match against Ray and Vardon, is mentioned by Mr. Travers as an outstanding illustration of the value of putting.

He says that Mr. Ouimet was very good with "wood and iron." But with these he was cer-

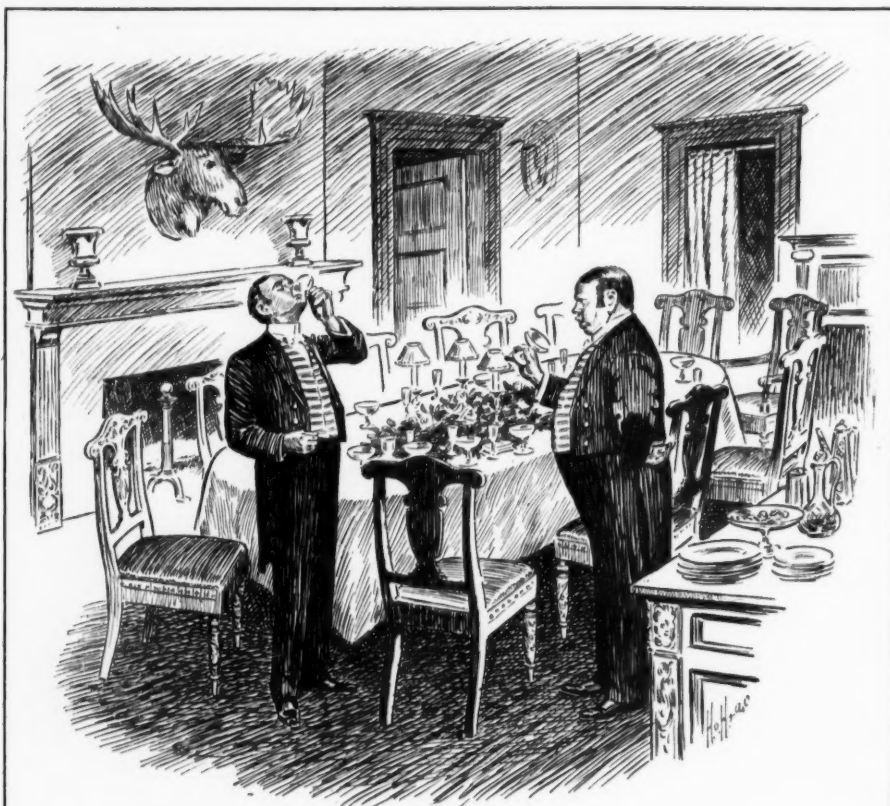
tainly no better than Vardon and Ray. He was not so good. But he achieved a feat beyond all other record incidents and sent his name spinning on through golfing history, because, when the time came, he could thump the ball into the cup from almost any angle or distance on the green.

And there is, as Mr. Travers says, nothing that "jolts" one's opponent so much as a habit of sinking "twenty-footers." The moral effect is good—for the man making them.

Recently in an article in these columns I dealt with some good things Harry Vardon had to say about "the value of practice." Read what Mr. Travers has to say about the value of practicing putting. I cannot understand how or why it is so little done. If one really loves golf, putting for practice should not—indeed could not—be a chore.

Mr. Travers concludes thus:

"In going back to the winning shot in golf—that is the putt—there are a



## AFTER THE BANQUET

BUTLER: Gen'l Sherman was right about War, James. This 'avin' to drink domestic wine is positively humillatin'.

(Continued on page 23)





### AN OPEN LETTER

Dear PUCK:—Might I have a few lines of space in which to decry a certain grievous fallacy at this time stalking about the world, bringing disrepute on the fair fame of my dominations and given expression in the words: "War is Hell"?

This phrase actually hurts Hell. It checks immigration thither. Earthlings having experienced the horrors of War, spare no pains to escape Hell.

That the two should be considered worthy of comparison is absurd, as a few parallels will show.

In Hell the guilty alone suffer.

In War the innocent often suffer most.

The war-makers, leaders greedy for power or wealth or fame, contrive to pass the suffering and privation and death on to the common soldiers and their womankind.

In Hell there is a certain stability. He who accustoms himself with fortitude to his private bath of brimstone knows that it will never grow any hotter. Sisyphus knows that his stone will never grow any heavier or any harder to roll.

The spirit embedded in the lake of ice knows that his ice will never grow any colder.

How different the instability of the War-victim's existence. The shambles of to-day may lead the way to the famine of to-morrow. The famine may in turn bring about the pestilence of the day following.

My subjects have the satisfaction of knowing that the Hell-pains are theirs alone who deserve them.

To the bodily pain which famine and pestilence and the shambles bring the War-victim, must be added the mental anguish of not knowing what peculiar forms of torture his distant and unprotected loved ones undergo.

The warrior sinks to troubled sleep, and dreams that the home 'round which are clustered all the dearest memories of life is consigned to flames, his grey-haired father to the torture chamber, his wife to dishonor, and that his children are being slaughtered to gratify the murderous passions of his foe.

He wakes and finds little comfort in waking. The dreams of the night may soon become the realities of the day.

In Hell man pays as he goes.

In War posterity continues to pay long after the cause imagined by the distorted brains of the makers is forgotten.

For fifty years the peasant puts a few less grains of salt in his bread, a few less drippings of fat in his gravy that he may defray the cost of needless War proclaimed by rulers of his father's father.

PUCK, is it fair?

Hell is not a bed of roses. It was not built for a pleasure resort. But—IT IS NOT WAR! Banish the thought!

Sincerely,

S. H. SATAN.

### HIS POSITION

"I do not believe any man can please some of the women all the time," confessed skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck, "nor all the women some of the time, and if he succeeds in pleasing any of the women any of the time I consider him almost a genius."



By BARRIBAL OF LONDON

### LINES TO AN UNKNOWN LADY

If I met you in Arcady

I'd smile at you and say:

"Dear Lady, will you walk with me  
Along this pleasant way?"

And when my little speech was said,  
And while your eyes grew warm,  
You'd gently nod your pretty head  
And take my proffered arm.

If I met you in Arcady

And loved you—at a glance—

You'd feel the selfsame thrill for me,

And that would be Romance.

And if I kissed you ere I knew

Your name or family,

It would be quite the thing to do

In sunny Arcady.

If I met you in Arcady—

But Arcady is far,

And you are just across from me

Within a trolley car.

In Arcady, where dreams unfold,

I'd greet you, debonair;

But here your stare is blankly cold

And so I do not dare.

In Arcady a kiss I'd win,

But here my senses quail—

Since such an act would land me in

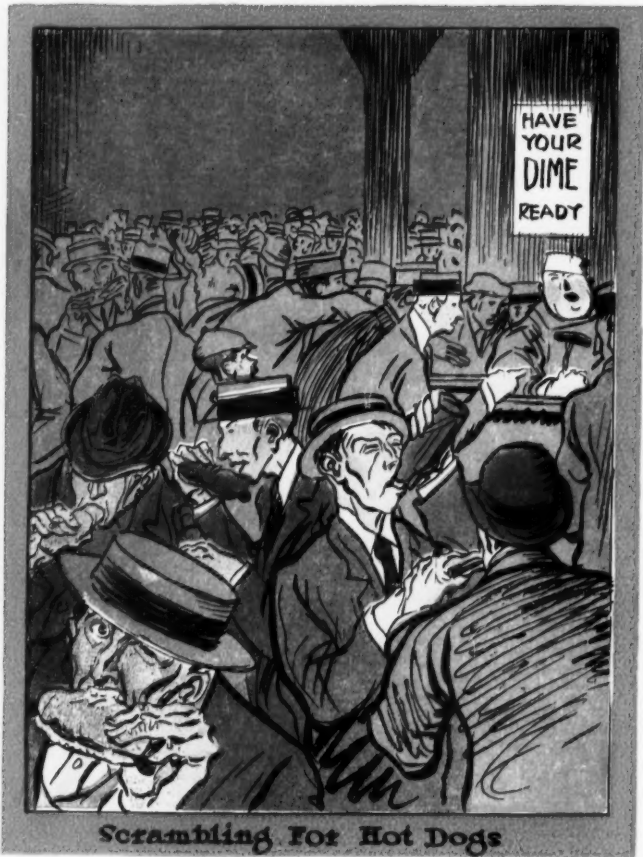
NOT Arcady, but jail!

Berton Braley.

Watching both Games



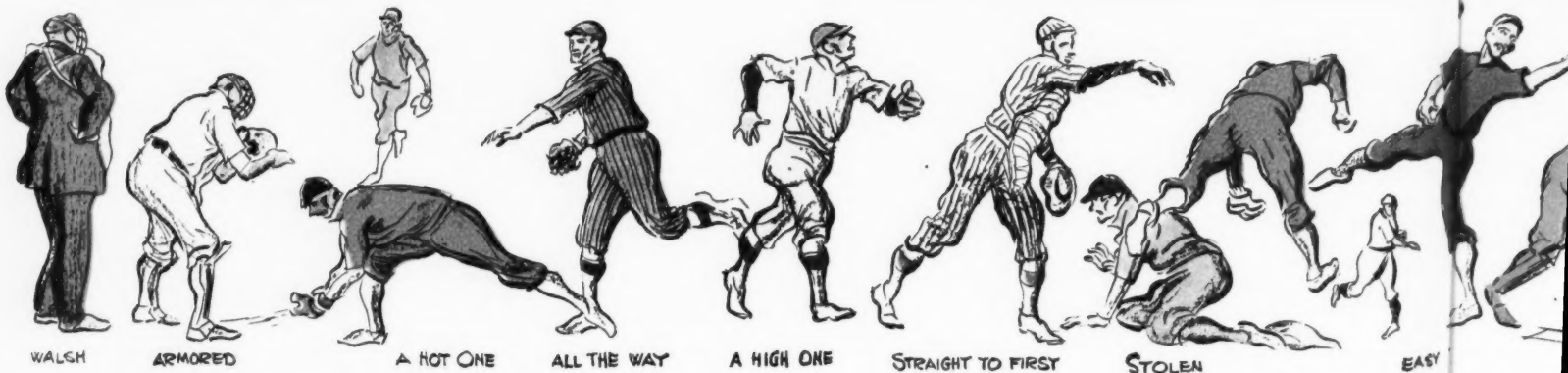
Just noise



Scrambling For Hot Dogs



Ice cream cones are popular



WALSH

ARMORED

A HOT ONE

ALL THE WAY

A HIGH ONE

STRAIGHT TO FIRST

STOLEN

EASY

THE SEAT OF WAR IN A  
When "The World Series" is on, Other Co





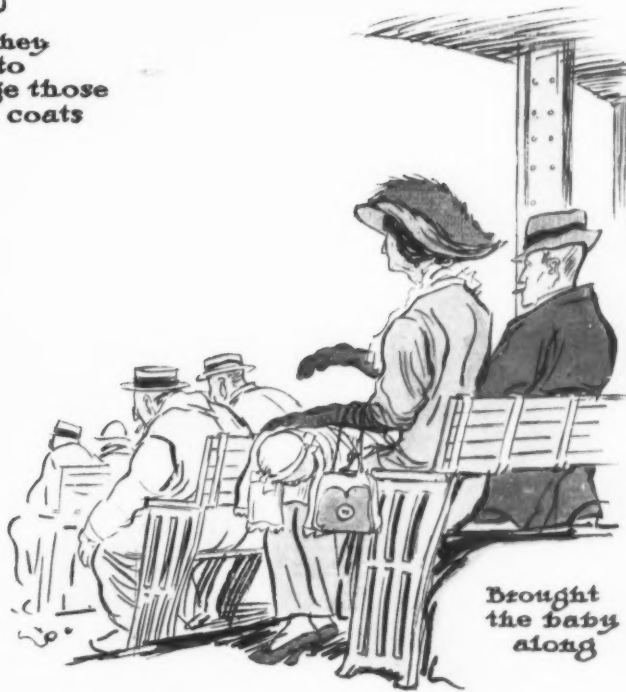
There is no such thing as a typical base ball fan. Anybody can be one



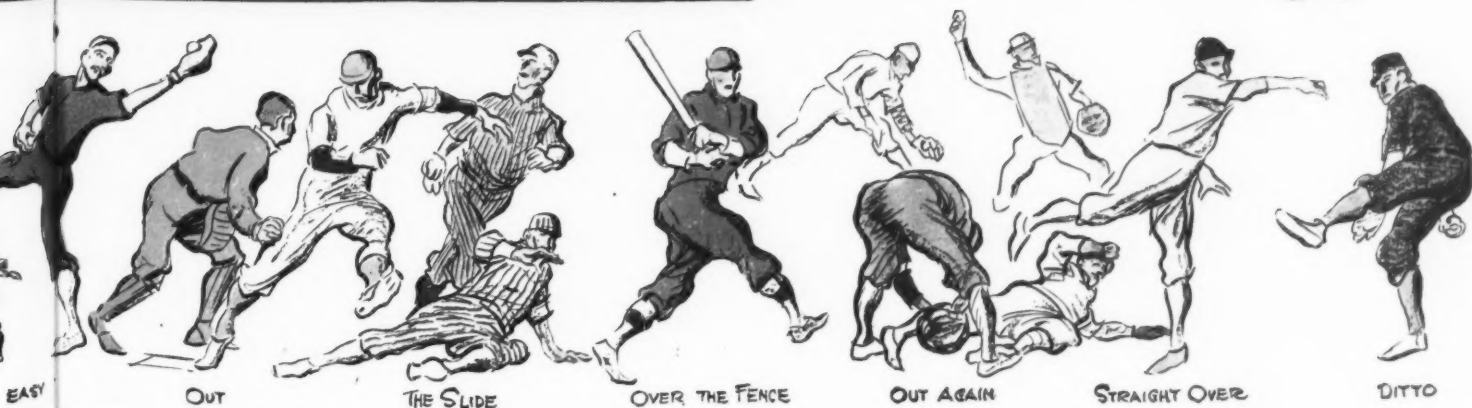
How they love to splurge those fancy coats



Lady Fans



Brought the baby along



WAR IN AMERICA  
is on. Other Conflicts Are Forgotten

DRAWN BY R. C. EWER

## DEZAYAGRAPHS—III



George Bernard Shaw

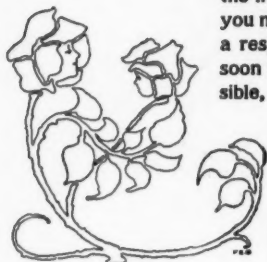
## BLESS THEM, OUR CHILDREN!

WANTED.—Young man holding responsible position, soon to marry, wishes to rent cozy house, six rooms, bath, fireplace in living-room, ready Oct. 1; would prove ideal tenant.—*Newspaper Adv.*

War doesn't make any difference; hard times don't make any difference; and the cost of living can go and be hanged. O happy young man! O happy young woman! O fireplace in the living-room! O six rooms and bath! O tempora—thou dost not mutant, not a mute.

A cozy house! Of course. Just big enough for two—at present. Not a big barn-like structure with idle rooms and superfluous fixings; no kitchenette apartment, surrounded by prying and unsympathetic eyes; but a cozy little single house, just big enough, and secluded enough, and a fireplace in the living-room.

Reader, gentle or otherwise, do you rise to this? Did you ever have the same inspiration? Is this not the same little cozy house that you once had in mind, with a genuine open fire in the living-room? Were you never that holder of a responsible position—soon to be more responsible, and not to the office manager, either? Weren't you that ideal tenant, with the ideal girl, looking for the ideal landlord?



You smile. Perchance you yawn. With a far-away look, you grumble behind your mustached lip: "There is no such house." You add, poor disillusioned soul: "There is no such fireplace, or if there is, the chimney smokes." In this middle-aged world of yours, with that blessed moon of honey far in the distance, all you can recall is that the cellar was wet, or that the roof leaked, and that the landlord wouldn't paper the bedrooms; that somebody used to steal the milk from the front porch; that the butcher handed you the toughest cuts; that the house was cold in winter, and the coal bills were enormous.

But do not tell, I pray you, the young man with a responsible position, who will be ready October 1. Lisp not a word of your cold knowledge in that beguiled ear. Pluck not the petals from the rose of hope. Let them be happy till October 2, at least.

## HIS VIEW

BOY ORATOR: Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—  
CHAIRMAN OF MEETING: Go on, my boy. Never mind if you can't remember the make of George's car.

## THE WILLING WORKER

ART EDITOR: I'm sorry I cannot use this drawing. It lacks grey matter.  
ARTIST: I admit I didn't use any of that stuff, sir, but will do so hereafter, if you will be so kind as to tell me where I could buy some.

## ENGAGED TO A NATURE-LOVER

SHE: Yes, I hear that pine warbler. Isn't it exquisite? (Which of all that snarl of peeps and twitters is it; I wonder?) O, yes, and the redstart, too. What a funny name for a bird, don't you think? (I hope to goodness the beast is a bird!)

To be sure, the wood pewee has a plaintive tone. I never noticed it before. You see, I never had you to point it out, George, dear. (Good reason why I never noticed it before. What is a wood pewee, anyway? Is it a frog?)

Of course, I love veeries; yes, I dote on them. So very—yes, that is the word I wanted; so very bell-like. (Now does he mean sounding like a bell, or shaped like a bell? Probably shaped. Veeries must be flowers. Wish I was sure.)

It is restful here in the woods. So soothing and calm. (Ugh! I just know a caterpillar is down my back!)

Yes, that St. Johnswort is bright and pretty. So quaint, isn't it? (Quaint is a good adjective. It fits almost anything. Anyway, that's a quaint name, whatever the thing is. I seem to have made a hit with "quaint." I must use it again.)

A fine piece of sy-sy-syenite, did you say? Truly the finest I ever saw. It looks so exactly like—like—well, like sy-syenite. You can't compare it to anything but itself, can you? What, to granite? Yes, to be sure, it does look like granite. (Then sy-something-or-other must be a stone. I do wish George would point to things, if he must talk about them.)

What do I think of John Burroughs? Well, do you know, I don't think he—but first I want to hear what you think about him; yes, I insist. (Never read a word of his in my life. Let's see; what did he write?)

And, by the way, talking about John Burroughs—so interested in what you say about him—reminds me somehow of John Winston. Don't you think he's making the biggest kind of fool of himself with that Kitty Sullivan? (There! I had to do it. Now we'll talk about something sensible for a few minutes, anyway!)



## THE MELANCHOLY DAYS

"I wish I had my winter feathers out of pawn!"



### IN THE BLOOD

When Willy Lamb had a bargain to make he would say: "Oh, whatever you think is fair," and he was quite content to give faithful service for the salary that Root & Driver saw fit to pay, but he would give to anyone who asked him. An elderly termagant had seized upon him and married him in order to improve her social condition. He was one of those fellows that everybody liked, remarking that "he does not amount to anything."

Willy fell ill and, being poor, went to the hospital, where they experiment on people. The doctors decided that he needed blood, and as he could never afford to buy human blood, even at the present bargain prices, they looked about for the animal nearest like man to transfer its blood to him. Of course they chose a hog—hairless, tailless, pink-skinned, omnivorous. The transfusion was successful, notwithstanding which, Lamb recovered.

But a great change had come over him. He knew so much of the methods of the firm that he now insisted on being admitted as a member as the price of his silence. Then he began to write his name W. C. Lamb and to cut off all his charities. He drove hard bargains with the men who once thought him legitimate prey. Then he grabbed a little cross-town railroad, capitalized it at ten times its cost and sold it to the Combine. With the money he threatened to make trouble until the Combine had to take him in.

At the same time he put his wife on a short allowance. His name began to appear on boards



JIMMY HAS A FIGHT ON

of directors. The newspapers gossiped about his personal affairs and pointed to him as a model for the young. In short, he grew rich, respected, piggish, and influential, and men said "it was in Lamb's blood to succeed."

The hardest auto to dodge is the one your wife insists on having.

### ASSISTED BY THE DOGS

"I likes de sedimunt o' dat proclamation, 'Whom de Lawd has j'ined togedder let no man putt asunder,'" stated old Brother Buckaloo. "It rolls fo'th so ominous and dignified dat I allus takes off muh hat when I hears it, same as I do when I meets a white Cuhnel. But at de weddin', tudder day, of Miss Paralysis Pearl Pestle and Cla'ence Twist, if it hadn't been for de 'sistance o' de dogs I don' know whadder de Lawd would uh-been able to j'ine 'em togedder a-tall or not.

"De bride is a black lady dat tips de beam at mighty nigh three hund'ed pounds and once lammed de 'thority out'n a nigger constable, whilst de groom am a meek little yallah man wid scanty legs. While Pahson Bagster was right in de middle o' puhnouncin' 'em man and wife, de bride fuhgot to keep uh-holt o' de groom's sleeve, and de little man leaped th'oo de winder and was gone.

"Cou'se, dey putts chase to him, but de bride is too fat to foot-race, de Pahson too old, one o' de brudders o' de bride has got a load o' chicken-shot in his leg and de udder brudder ain't no-count, anyhow, and even de Lawd 'peared to be outdistanced.

"I 'spect dem skippin' legs o' de groom would uh-took him to safety if it hadn't been for de dogs. Dem salacious varmint found him atter a while embedded in a holler tree, and kept him dar twell de Lawd, de bride, and de Pahson got dar and j'ined 'em togedder for no man to putt asunder."



FAR BE IT FROM SEW



Brother Pink-cheeks

The Zeta Chapter of the Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity is holding its regular weekly meeting in its chapter-house. You cannot see the mortgage on the chapter-house, but it is there just the same. If payments go as planned it will soon be lifted—say in 1946 A.D., or along about the year 2547.

The chapter is draped over twelve chairs, a davenport, a piano bench, and a strip of floor, while full-length on the comfortable window-seat lounges Brother Chesty.

Brother Chesty is perusing the latest issue of *The Campus Chimes*. Once he was Editor-in-Chief of *The Chimes*, just the same as once he was Captain of the Football Team, the Baseball Team, the Crew, the Track Team, the Basketball Team, Leader of the Glee Club; Closer on the Joint Debate Team; Oratorical Contest Man; President of the Dramatic Association; Business Manager of his Senior Year Book; and Undergraduate Director of Athletics. But he is now enjoying his sixth year at the Varsity and his second and last in the College of Law, and has long since lost all interest in the petty doings of student life. He is too big a man for such stuff. He is a Prince. Freshmen are proud to run ahead and pay his carfare. Some day he will be Captain and Business Manager of the World.

**BROTHER PRESIDENT** (wearily; the meeting has dragged on to 7.49 and at 8.01 he has a date with the most beautiful girl in the solar system): Any other membership proposals before we adjourn?

**BROTHER PINK-CHEEKS** (despairingly, but with grim determination): I want to bring up the name of John Doe. (General current of emotion antagonistic to the whole Doe family. Brother Pink-cheeks blanches but stands firm.)

**BROTHER PRESIDENT** (disappointed, but resigned): All right. Bring it up and cut it short. I've got a lot of work to do to-night.



Brother Neckties

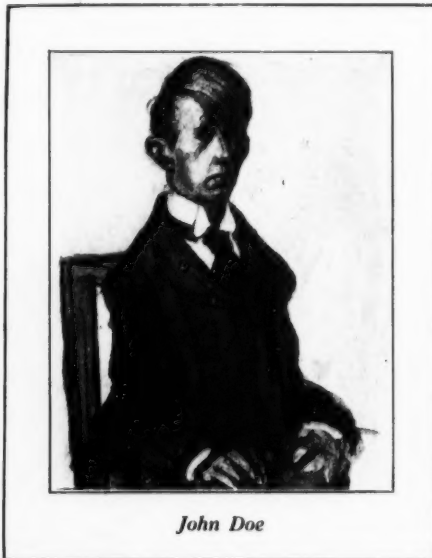
## UNDER THE ROSE

A Cross-Section of American College Life Cut Thin

By Horatio Winslow

On this page appears Puck's Prize Story for the week. Puck offers \$100 weekly for the most humorous story, sketch or playlet, preferably within one thousand words; or for the most humorous bit of verse, the latter not to exceed seventy-five lines. Anyone, except a member of Puck's regular staff, is eligible to enter manuscript for the weekly award. Puck reserves the right to purchase at its regular rates any contribution among those submitted for the prize. Manuscripts should be marked "Prize Contest" and a stamped and self-addressed envelope should accompany each.

**BROTHER PINK-CHEEKS** (slowly; during these remarks he studies his feet which act much like the lady's feet in the celebrated poem, except instead of merely stealing in and out they steal



John Doe

all about the shop): Well, brothers, I've just got this to say (shift), I've known Mr. Doe a long time (shift)—we went to High School together, and he (shift)—he's a fine fella. He may not be much to look at —

**VOICE:** You said something there, all right!

**BROTHER PINK-CHEEKS** (pretending not to hear): —but he's one of those kind that a fraternity can improve a whole lot (shift), and I know if he got in here (shift) he'd make one of the strongest men in the chapter.

**TWO VOICES:** Tie a can to him.

**BROTHER PINK-CHEEKS** (now ultra-pink): Well, that just shows you don't know him. You don't get acquainted with him easily (shift), but when you do get acquainted with him (shift) you'll find that he's one of the best fellows that —that (final despairing shift)—that you ever got acquainted with.

**BROTHER CHESTY** (approving a paragraph in *The Chimes*): Hm-m-m-m! (General satisfaction that the great man is pleased with something.)

**BROTHER NECKTIES:** Well, the night he was over here I tried to get acquainted with him. He don't know how to act, and he don't know how



Brother Chesty

to talk, and he wears a high-school class-pin on his coat lapel.

(The outcome of this last item is a wave of cold, incredulous horror. Brother Pink-cheeks gestures feebly with hands and feet, but finding himself unequal to the occasion sits down.)

**BROTHER NECKTIES** (triumphantly pressing his advantage): Move we drop Mr. Doe.

**BROTHER SPECTACLES** (cursed with a low commercial mind): Brothers, as steward I want to say just a word. You know how we've been running behind lately. Our butcher said if we didn't pay up within thirty days he'd sue. Now, another man in the chapter means another man paying seven dollars a week for board, and —

**BROTHER CORDUROYS** (with a mind above dollars): I'd rather see the chapter break up here and now than take in a man just because we need his money!

**BROTHER NECKTIES AND FERVENT CHORUS:** That's right!

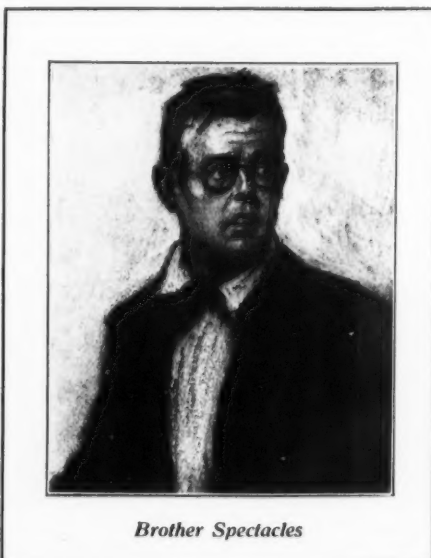
**BROTHER CHESTY** (disapproving a paragraph in *The Chimes*): Hmph! (General discomfort at the thought of the Great Man's displeasure.)

**BROTHER SPECTACLES** (ready to fight to the last ditch): I'd like to hear the secretary read the letter he got yesterday from Brother Roe.

**BROTHER SECRETARY** (after a last puff at his cigarette):

"Dear Brothers: Perhaps your attention has been called to John Doe, a member of the

(Continued on page 22)



Brother Spectacles





## THE NEWS IN RIME

The war—you've heard it spoken of?—  
Is earnestly progressing;  
Great Britain said she didn't care  
For any Turkey dressing.  
T. Atkins turned the German line  
By dint of gallant fighting;  
We bought a hat  
And leased a flat,  
And isn't life exciting?

King George, to show his sympathy,  
Dressed up just like a trooper;  
Roumania may join the east  
As military super.  
The potentates of India  
Have pawned their royal jewels;  
Sir Martin Glynn  
Has lost his grin,  
And Teddy's out of fuels.

John Rockefeller, K. O. D.,\*  
Incurred a golden wedding;  
The government of Mexico  
Found thistles in its bedding.  
The candidates for governor  
Are sprinting to the finish;  
The atmosphere  
Is quite austere,  
And prices don't diminish.

\*Knight of the Dollar.



The Sultan tore his treaties up  
To while the idle hours;  
'Tis said the gentleman is prone  
To bite the warring Powers.  
An infant mailed by parcel post  
Was faithfully delivered;  
The Balkan States  
Are making dates,  
And we, at last, have shivered!

Joe Cannon has bombarded Fate  
And won a nomination;  
The Serbs invaded Austria  
Without an invitation.  
Ohio is about to grant  
The ballot to the ladies;  
The Profs de danse  
Are torn askance,  
And aren't the new steps Hades?

A Belgian lad was medalized  
For prominent Boy Scouting;  
The Germans in South Africa  
Were asked to take an outing.  
'Tis said a royal Teuton Prince  
Is dead of his endeavors;  
The Boston Braves  
Have left their graves  
Forever and for Evers.

Our trade with South America  
Is waxing very healthy;  
A stein of beer may now be quaffed  
If one is wildly wealthy;  
The Tzar opinioned he would spend  
His last moujik\* in battle—  
But Wilhelm thinks  
The Russian ginks  
Will end up in—Seattle.

\*Neither do we.

Dana Burnet





### MAIDEN MODESTY

NELL: Why are you wearing such a thick veil, dear? One can hardly recognize you through it.  
MAE: Well, to tell the truth, in this transparent blouse I'm ashamed to show my face.

### APLOMB AND A PLUMBER

(You are not at all condescending. You don't want to "put it over" anybody. At the same time facts are facts. You've had a pretty good education. It's your duty to lend a helping hand to the weaker brother.)

YOU (speaking very authoritatively): The trouble is right in this pipe here.

PLUMBER (inquiringly): Yeah? (Gets out his wrench and begins to monkey, not with the pipe to which you so kindly directed him, but with the other. Plainly the man is an imbecile and does not know his own job.)

YOU (for after all the only true "noblesse" is the kind that keeps right on "obliging"): No, I don't think you need open that pipe at all. I feel the trouble is over here. You see the system is not what it used to be. The leakage, when you compare it with the air pressure (here you flounder a bit)—I say the air pressure—

PLUMBER (inquiringly): Yeah? (Continues his useless labors on the wrong pipe.)

YOU (pitying the poor flatbrain from the bottom of your soul): There's really no reason for taking the pipe apart as you're doing. I give you my word there's nothing stuck in it. The trouble is with the water system as a whole, and, perhaps, with the position of that pipe there. Instead of running across and under it should have gone lengthwise and over.

PLUMBER (apparently lost in admiration of your profound learning): Yeah?

YOU (a bit peeved): Don't you think so?

PLUMBER (to his Helper, who by this time—5:30 P.M.—is as black as an endman): Umph! (The Helper takes hold of the wrench and they "umph.") Awright now. (They "umph" again.) Awtogether. (They "umph" a third time.)

YOU (feeling very sorry for both of them and regretting that they never had college educations. Had they only diplomas, alumni buttons and a Latin prose medal like yourself they might be able to go to the root of the matter instead of

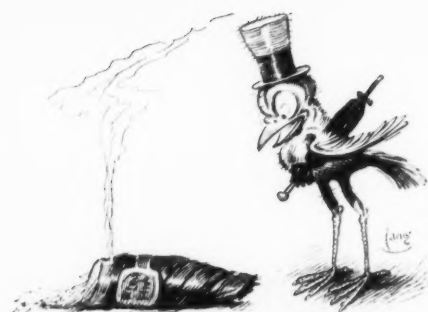
doing everything wrong): I'm afraid you aren't going at this the right way. To my mind the defect is a more radical one. I don't think you can change it by merely removing that cap. Still if you insist on removing the cap you are missing some of the leverage you might secure. Suppose you—

PLUMBER (with sudden energy): HYHRLMPH! (They "hyhrlmph" and the cap unscrews. Thrusting his hand into the pipe the Plumber removes a small ball, whose nucleus is a kneaded rubber core. It is this which has been choking up your waterworks. To your horror you suddenly remember the playful moment when you hurled that kneaded rubber eraser at a fly on the wall. You remember the shock you felt when it bounced off the wall and disappeared down the drainpipe of the washstand. Your wife has always warned you that you would do something like this.)

YOU: I—I'm very much obliged—very much. I can't imagine how such a thing got down the pipe, but my little boy—very careless—yes, very careless. And I wish you wouldn't explain—ah—go into details, that is—if my wife should ask you what it was that you found. Be vague.

PLUMBER (turning his mild, blue eyes on you): Yeah? (You think quickly and press a two-dollar bill into his hand.)

YOU (a half hour later): Yes, my dear, we simply must get the strainer replaced in that stationery washstand. Well, yes, the difficulty was largely due to the low pressure, but you know things do get down into the pipes, and etc., etc.



### A TOTAL LOSS

"Say, but there's been some fire here! Wonder if the place was insured!"

### A WOMAN'S DIARY

#### FOUND IN A VACANT HOUSE

(First page). This is to be a complete diary of our wedded life. On Wednesday, the tenth of June, 1903, at half-past twelve, we clasped hands to live forever as man and wife. How sweet was the music of the organ, played softly during the ceremony! How beautiful were the flowers banked about the altar rail!

(Second page, also third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, ad libitum).

Soup bone	-	-	-	-	.05
Lard	-	-	-	-	.20
Meat	-	-	-	-	.15
Bread	-	-	-	-	.05
Coffee	-	-	-	-	.50

Etc., etc., etc.



### SOCIETY'S VIEWPOINT

REGGY VAN VELVET: Isn't this war distressing?

MRS. WAYUPPER: Oh, I don't know—the European season was about over, anyway!





## JUST THE THING

PEGGIE: Shall I put in lettuce? It makes one so sleepy.  
JACK: Sure! Put in a dozen heads for the chaperon!

## THE RAVIN'

A Pot-House Poem a la Poe

Once, upon a midday dreary,  
When I wanted something cheery,  
And my appetite was leery  
Of the things I'd had before —  
Eagerly I scanned the menu.  
Chicken stew! "Bring on the hen, you!"  
Said the waitress, "Guess again, you!"  
"Why?" I asked. "Vos los, Lenore?"  
"Gone," she answered. "Ain't no more."

Was I daunted by the answer?  
Nay; I'd money in my pants, sir,  
And I saw another chance, sir —  
"Specials." But the price was more.  
"Price? What care I! I am flush, girl.  
Quote not price to me! Tush, tush, girl!  
Special steak with mushrooms. Rush, girl!"  
"Gee," she said. "Say, don't git sore.  
That's gone, too. There ain't no more."

"Where go all these fancy dishes,  
Everything a fellow wishes?  
Why, five loaves and two small fishes  
Fed a crowd in days of yore!  
Make it stew," I cried, despairing,  
But she never changed her bearing,  
Though her answer set me swearing:  
"Stew's all gone. There's beans galore —  
Only them and nothing more."

Well, we'd better draw the veil here;  
My remarks were for the male ear,  
And, if girls are present, they'll hear  
What men say when out for gore.  
Oft the gods are more propitious  
And I get a meal delicious,  
But the appetite capricious  
Of that hapless day of yore  
Comes again, ah, nevermore!

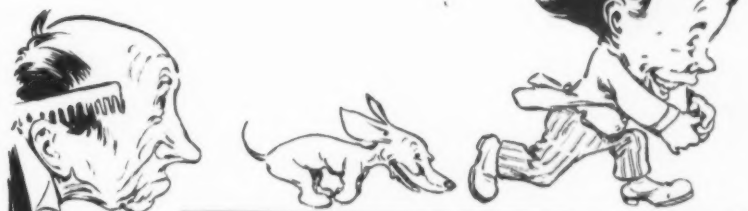
## ONE LITTLE WORD

MABEL: They say you turned down Mr. Tightguy just because he asked you how much you could run a house on.

MAUDE: No; he asked me how little I could run one on.

Alas for political ambition! The man who counted on "sounding the keynote of the campaign" finds his effort lost in the racket of European guns.

Tom, Tom, the barber's son  
Left his job and away he run.  
He made more money, quick and clean  
By selling the GEM DAMASKEENE!



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14K. Mounting	3.75	14K. Mounting	3.75	14K. Mounting	3.75	14K. Mounting	3.75
Complete	\$12.00	Complete	\$21.25	Complete	\$48.75	Complete	\$101.25

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HARPER & BROTHERS



Joseph's connection with the pit as described in a certain chapter of Genesis has been more or less generally known for some time, but our friend Elbert Hubbard has recently added some hitherto unsuspected facts to the ancient version, saying: "In the Bible we read an account of how certain of these Assyrians were compelled to go down into Egypt and beg for food. And we learn later how Joseph with the help of the Egyptians cornered the corn market and violated the Sherman law."

The railroad situation may be summed up in the following fashion: The employees want higher wages, the shippers lower rates, the passengers cheaper fares, the stockholders larger dividends, the roads more money and the people the best of service, finer terminals and continuous development. To which may be added that neither the Bulls nor the Bears know where they are at, and the Lambs are busy elsewhere.

It looks as if there would be an extensive increase in the number of nations that will henceforth reckon in terms of the U. S. dollar.

A thousand millions of actual gold dollars constitute a tidy mass of substantial where-withal. This amount and something over is in the possession of the United States Treasury. Against it and for the sake of convenience an equal amount of yellow-back certificates are in circulation. When presented at the Treasury they draw forth the actual gold from that institution. Such was the procedure that took place in June when forty-six millions were withdrawn, and again during the period from July 1st to August 15th when sixty millions more were exchanged. Now, the exportation of one or two or even three hundred millions would not be a serious affair if the whole stock of gold were massed and under the control of a unified banking organization. But it so happened when the drain of gold began that the New York banks held only about one hundred and seventy-five millions of gold certificates, and this relatively small sum had to meet the entire demand. The result was that the New York banks soon fell below their legal reserve and were compelled to issue clearing-house certificates. This condition reacted upon the financial situation throughout the country and caused the adoption of precautionary measures. In the meantime, it may be asked, where were the muchly-desired gold certificates? It appears that most of them were resting in state banking institutions or were in circulation where green-backs and bank notes would have served all present purposes just as well.

They'll be damned if they do and damned if they don't — open the Stock Exchange.

A deferred dividend is a sort of first cousin to a moratorium.

The broker was trying to explain to her why the corporation, in which she had invested her money, had come to grief.

"It was on account of its floating debt," he said.

"Its floating debt?" she repeated, uncomprehendingly.

"Yes; that's what made the company go under."

"The floating debt made the company go under? That sounds ridiculous," she flashed back at him. "I suppose you think you can put me off with such nonsensical talk, but you are very much mistaken. I'm going to see my lawyer."

Having said which she marched out of the office defiantly, and the broker resolved anew never again to bestow his financial advice upon women.

One of the paradoxes of the financial district is to hear the "Bishop" of Wall Street, from his perch upon a soap-box, elaborate to his open-air congregation upon the text that money is the root of all evil.

Albert Ulmann.

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DIARY November 12, 1813.

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## THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 8)

magician flying at midday in the circus and beyond the view of the spectators. But he was brought to earth by some incantation (as the serpents of the wise men of Pharaoh were devoured by the serpents of Moses and Aaron—which the black, which the white magic?). Didn't Apsethus, the Libyan, train a multitude of his native parrots to utter the words: "Apsethus is a god! Apsethus is a god!" The same anecdote is related of Apollonius of Tyana, a peripatetic philosopher, born at Tyana, in Cappadocia, Greece. Apollonius, incredible as it seems to-day, was for a hundred years during the middle ages the storm-centre of fierce theological discussions.

### Flaubert Writes of Apollonius

In the fourth book of Flaubert's, "Temptation of Saint Anthony," now accessible to English readers, in the brilliant translation of Lafcadio Hearn, there is a vivid picture of the harassed saint who, after successfully wrestling with the apparition of Simon Magus, is dismayed at the entrance of Apollonius and his dwarf Damis. They are tangible humans. The discussion that follows is indicative not only of Flaubert's erudition, but also of his power of dramatically projecting human character. His Apollonius is the mythic philosopher, the vigorous man of action, proud of his virgin birth, of his gift of prophecy, of the favor of kings, satraps, and emperors. He has seen all countries, experienced all life. He is more beautiful than a god. In a fluting chorus Damis celebrates his perfections. Saint Anthony is aghast at the recital of the miracles—the raising of the dead to life; at the casting out of evil spirits; at the rescue of the young man Menippus, who escaped the lamia or vampire at Baia. Apollonius is asked by Nero: "Why are you not afraid of me?" "Because," replied the philosopher, "the god who made you terrible has made me intrepid." He foretold that Vespasian would be emperor, and Flaubert puts these words in the mouth of Damis: "At Ephesus Apollonius witnessed the death of Domitian, who was at Rome. . . . Yes, at the theatre in broad daylight, on the 14th of the Kalends of October, he suddenly exclaimed: 'They are murdering Caesar!' and he added every now and then: 'He rolls on the ground! Oh! how he struggles! He gets up again; he attempts to fly; the gates are shut. Oh! it is finished, he is dead.' That very day Titus Flavius Domitian was assassinated, as you are aware." Apollonius, so the saint is assured, once was persecuted by this same Domitian. Damis and the populace witnessed the death of the philosopher, but at the sixth hour he came to life again, saying: "It is I!" "Just like Him," whispers Anthony, shuddering at the satanic parody of sacred history. Eventually he routs these two demons sent by Lucifer to tempt him through the pride of intellect.

### The Real Prophet

A slender volume, entitled, "Apollonius of Tyana: A Study of His Life and Times," is by F. W. Grove Campbell, with an introduction by Ernest Oldmeadow. One hundred years ago, writes this latter, Edward Berwick, vicar of Leixlip, in County Kildare, Ireland, published the first English version of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Flavius Philostratus, the Sophist of Lemnos. This book has vanished; money cannot conjure it into the hands of bibliophiles. Yet, continues our critic, Baur, Zeller, Cardinal Newman, J. A. Froude, and Chassang have discussed Apollonius. Old Burton quoted from Philostratus, and John Keats read this quotation, for it is a footnote to his "Lamia." Theosophists and Swedenborgians have claimed the philosopher. In the seventeenth century Charles Blount translated the first two books of Philostratus, and a terrible religious row ensued. Bossuet described Apollonius as a magician in league with the devil. The Blount book brought dismay to those of little faith. The Tyanean was born during the same lustrum as Jesus Christ. (Mr. Oldmeadow confidently assures us in a note that "Everybody knows the current computation at the beginning of the Christian Era, and the first year of our Lord ought to be dated four or five years earlier." Perhaps, he concludes, the birth dates of the two prophets coincide.) Both were of miraculous birth, that is, both sprang from a god and a human mother; the lives of both were devoted to humanity. For his temerity Blount caught it hot and heavy from all sides. In 1698 he committed suicide because he couldn't marry the sister of his deceased wife. Which is comical. Philostratus wrote his "Life of Apollonius" as a counterblast to the Christian gospels. This was in the year A. D. 216. In A. D. 305, Hierocles, Pro-Consul at Alexandria, "published a critical examination of Christianity, in which he opposed the Apollonian to the Christian miracles." The work is lost, but scholars know of it through the reply to its sophistries by Eusebius and Lactantius. Arnobius and St. Jerome, Bishop Sidonius Apollinarius and St. John Chrysostom—the Golden Mouth—as well as Photius of Constantinople (in the ninth century), all attacked Apollonius and his supposed translator. Evidently the Cappodocian had made a profound impression. Apollonius was what St. Augustine called an ape of God—he parodied in his own life the acts of Christ and the apostles; at least, Philostratus claimed that he did. Some nineteenth century critics have ridiculed the translation of the Lemnos rhetorician as pure fable. Cardinal Newman so believed. James Anthony Froude denounced Apollonius as a blackguard and impostor. Chassang speaks of him as a Chrysostom doubled by a Plotinus and a Porphyrius. Baur and Zeller held that Apollonius was a "Don Quixote of philosophy, Damis, his disciple, being his Sancho Panza." Marcus Aurelius vowed a temple to his honor; while Gibbon, the historian, does not agree with those who see in the biography of Philostratus "a stroke of offensive defence" against Christianity. Strangely enough, it was the Empress Julia Domna who prompted Philostratus to write the Life.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary reconstructive scholarship of Flaubert, and Philostratus with his fabulous tales, we believe Apollonius of Tyana to have been a different man. After all, Dr. Campbell's idealistic portrait evokes the

real sage, neither a saint nor a wonder-worker, but a dreamer and a lover of mankind; a sort of old-time Tolstoy, but possessing true intellectual powers, and without the depressing experiences of the pessimistic, dissipated Russian aristocrat and writer.

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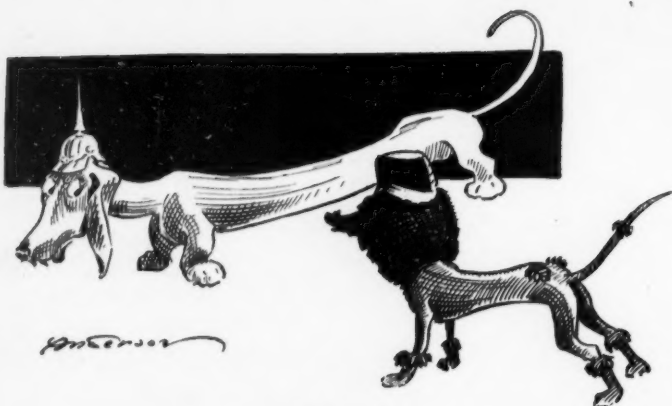
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## UNDER THE ROSE

(Continued from page 16)

**Freshman Class.** He is a good, earnest, hardworking fellow, of strong moral character, and no bad habits (*general groaning*). I might add that he is my nephew.

"With best wishes for the success of the dear old chapter, I remain,

"Yours Under the Rose,

"**RICHARD ROE**, Class of '95."

**BROTHER SPECTACLES** (*with appropriate emphasis*): Brother Roe is the man who put up five hundred dollars when we were building the chapter house, and last time he was here he told me he expected to buy us some new dining-room chairs. What are you going to do with his nephew?

**BROTHER CHESTY** (*approving a paragraph in The Chimes*): M-m-m-m. (*Everybody feels better because the Great Man feels better.*)

**BROTHER NECKTIES** (*with the fire of a radical and the pigheadedness of a conservative*): I don't care whether his uncle is Richard Roe or the President of the United States. We don't take in anybody here because of their relatives. We take 'em in because they're good fellows, and if they aren't good fellows we don't want them. I'll never vote for a man just because he's got an uncle that gave five hundred dollars to the chapter-house.

**BROTHER CORDUROYs**: Anyhow, even if we don't take him in it's no sign we won't get the chairs. When I was a Freshman we didn't take in that fella Hoe, and his cousin came up with an Oriental rug, just the same.

**BROTHER NECKTIES**: Move we drop, Mr. Doe.

**APPROVING CHORUS**: Second the motion. (*Brother Chesty rouses himself from the window-seat, drops The Chimes, and in two-fifths of a second without any perceptible mental effort grasps the whole situation. Quiet—there; he's going to say something.*)

**BROTHER CHESTY**: Hmph!

(*What do we hear? Brother Chesty doesn't approve! Gracious Peter! This is terrible! Somebody say something quick before the Great Man leaves us in contempt!*)

**BROTHER CHESTY** (*once more*): Hmph! (*Biting emphasis.*)

(*Dead silence. Brother Chesty stalks into the hall leaving the Freshman to close the doors after him. Low murmurs indicating subtle but sure change of sentiment.*)

**BROTHER NECKTIES** (*very manly*): Well, I don't suppose I got a fair chance to talk to Mr. Doe the other night. He may be quiet but that's better than shooting off his mouth all the time. (*Looks severely at the nearest Freshman who wilts.*)

**BROTHER CORDUROYs**: Well, if Mr. Doe's a good fella I want him as much as anybody else, only I'd never vote for any man just to get his seven dollars a week.

**BROTHER SPECTACLES** (*always on the job*): Move the c'mmittee bring Mr. Doe around to-morrow night, and try to get a vote on him before he goes.

**BROTHER PRESIDENT** (*with a sigh of relief—it is now 8.01*): Favor? Con'try? Motion carried. Further business? 'Journmentnorder. Carried. 'Journed! (*Slams down gavel—throws open folding-doors, and makes a dive for the telephone-closet only to find Brother Chesty at the receiver.*)

**BROTHER CHESTY** (*whose father has dropped indignantly and unexpectedly into town*): Yes, sir. No, sir. But I can explain all that, sir. I'll come right down to the hotel, and — But I can explain. You see— (*very meekly*) Yes, sir, I'll come right down.

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### PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 10)

few condensed but practical suggestions that in conclusion I would like to give:

- "1. Stand well over the ball and keep your head still.
- "2. Keep your eye on the ball and don't move your body.
- "3. Cut out the jab or the stab, learn the pendulum swing and get a follow through with the club.
- "4. Cultivate, in practice as well as in play, the knack of being a trifle beyond the hole if you miss. Make a steady practice of giving the ball a chance.
- "5. Cultivate the habit of concentration.
- "6. Cultivate the habit of confidence and determination, for mental faults can be improved as well as physical ones.
- "7. And then practice putting wherever and whenever you get the chance."

There is nothing startlingly original about this advice, but taken in conjunction with this interesting article and coming to us so well accredited it is quite worth repeating.

There are two things I should like to mention in connection with it. Mr. Travers says: "Stand well over the ball." That is good advice, but it seems to me from his photograph that he is *too far* over the ball—that, in fact, he is looking back, or inwards, at it. This is always a great mistake. It means that the line from the eye to the ball, the line from the eye to the hole, and the line of run of the ball are in different vertical planes which cannot make for accuracy.

Let your eye be right above the ball so that all the lines mentioned are in the one vertical plane. Then your triangle of vision is perfect.

Clause seven of the good words is as follows:

"Cultivate the habit of confidence and determination, for mental faults can be improved as well as physical ones."

I think we know pretty well what Mr. Travers means here, and it is, indeed, valuable advice which many might pass without notice.

Hope and despair, joy and melancholy, are in the main mere habits. Fearful language and the condition of mind which produces it is merely a habit. It would be much better to cultivate the opposite tendency.

It can be done. Mr. Travers says it—I endorse it.

It's up to you to prove it.



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